

AS ONE MAN TO ANOTHER.

You know my pa, he always says,
When we have company,
A-patin' me upon the head,
"This is my son," says he,
"Prep' the future president,"
And then, with wink an grin,
He'll give my head another pat
Or pinch my cheeks an chin.

The other day my pa an me
Went out into the shed.
Pa—well, he had his back 'ry switch,
An I just up an said,
"Pa," but my voice was awful weak.
Says he, "Speak up, my son."
"When I am president," says I,
"I'll 'member what you've done."
"An," there I shouted 'big an loud,
"I'll lock you up in jail!"
Then I just turned my back myself,
Expectin' him to whine.

But first I knew I heard him laugh;
He laughed until he cried;
Then he sat down right on the wood
An pulled me to his side.
An talked to me a long, long while
'Bout when he was a boy
An all the games he used to play,
"Ole cat" an "Blaze of Troy."
An now my pa an I are chums;
Pa's broke his switch in two.
When I think what I said that day,
I'm 'shamed all through an through.
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SAD STORY OF THE
FIRST SOUTHERN GIRL
TO WED ROYALTY.

By Judson Carlisle.

At this period, when so many alliances are projected between the daughters of America's financial nabobs and the scions of European royalty, the mind naturally reverts to possibly the first, and undoubtedly the most famous and romantic marriage of this character that the social annals of this country records.

Just a century ago lacking two years Jerome Bonaparte, the brother of the great Napoleon, was on a pleasure tour in America. A dashing captain of the French navy, bearing a name surrounded by a halo of witchery which was then exciting the interest and awe of the political world, young Jerome was necessarily a social lion. While his emperor brother was planning military and diplomatic enterprises which were destined to change the political geography of the world this unsophisticated youth was unwittingly succumbing to the winsome wiles of a brilliant and ambitious American girl soon to become his estranged wife—a woman who, it has been bravely asserted, would have changed the fortunes of France had she been the consort of the emperor himself. This girl was Elizabeth Patterson, the daughter of William Patterson, one of the wealthiest citizens of this continent. Vivacious, beautiful, accomplished, ambitious, headstrong, she was accorded the foremost place among all the belles who graced the many social functions at the national capital and other centers in that historic period.

Mutual admiration was the result of the first meeting of Jerome and Miss Patterson. Soon the courtship excited the attention of the young lady's family, and her father emphasized his disapproval by sending her away. Separation did not prevent frequent communication between the lovers, and the determined young woman made known her purposes to her irate father by stating, "I love Jerome Bonaparte, and I would rather be his wife if only for one day than make the happiest marriage in the world." She soon returned to Baltimore, and within four months after they first saw each other, on Dec. 23, 1803, the youthful lovers were married by the Catholic bishop of Baltimore.

The wedding was an international sensation and was followed by festivities and hospitalities planned on a royal scale. An extensive tour for those days through the New England and middle states was signalled by unexampled ovations in the fashionable world. In the glamour and enthusiasm of democratic festivities the eventuality of royal disfavor was sadly discounted.

The father of the bride had already received warnings that the marriage would not meet with Napoleon's sanction and that his approval would be necessary to any happy or peaceful alliance.

The brother of the bride was immediately dispatched to London and Paris armed with necessary credentials from Washington to invoke the aid of our representatives abroad to effect a conciliation with Emperor Napoleon. James Monroe, the minister at the court of St. James, and Livingston at Paris exhausted the agencies of diplomacy in their efforts, but to no avail. Proposals were made to the emperor that a magnificent bounty would be provided for Jerome. Finally a promised reconciliation was secured from Jerome's mother and all the family except that most important personage, the emperor, who remained ominously silent. This silence was painfully broken in about four months when the emperor sent peremptory orders to the French consul general in America to withhold Jerome's supplies and prohibiting all French vessels from receiving on board the "young person" with whom Jerome was consorting. He sent word to Jerome that if he would return to France without Miss Patterson "the error of the moment" would be overlooked.

In the meantime the brother, Robert Patterson, wrote home and warned Elizabeth against coming to France, as the wrath of Napoleon was very bitter. Before the warning had reached the young couple had already sailed for Portugal. French and English vessels, which had for weeks watched for every ship which might possibly have the young couple on board, were fortunately evaded.

Jerome left his young bride at Lisbon and proceeded to Paris alone. History merely conjectured as to how he was received. Very soon the young wife left Lisbon under advice from Jerome and sailed for Amsterdam in the same vessel in which she left America. Her vessel, the Erin, was not allowed to land. After a week's waiting the Erin sailed for England, and the fair but disconsolate bride was landed at Dover. From thence she went to London, and on July 7, 1805, she gave birth to a son. After many months of harrowing suspense she began to realize the treachery of her husband.

Napoleon absolutely refused to acknowledge the marriage as valid and offered a pension of 60,000 francs a year for the support of "Miss Patterson," as he called her, if Jerome would persuade her to return to America and abandon the name of Bonaparte. The emperor had already requested the pope to publish a built annulling Jerome's marriage. This the pope refused to do. Immediately Napoleon had the Imperial council pass a decree of divorce. Jerome was created a prince of the empire and advanced to the rank of admiral. Efforts were made to marry him to a European princess.

As late as October, 1805, Jerome still continued to write to his bride, avowing his unchangeable love, but events disproved his loyalty, for in less than four years after his nuptials in Baltimore his final abandonment of his faithful American bride was confirmed by his marriage to Princess Catherine of Wurttemberg. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp and the approval of the emperor. The newly married couple immediately proceeded to Westphalia, of which Jerome had only recently been made king.

The disconsolate bride and her infant son had returned to Baltimore. Her life embittered and her spirit envenomed, she found no satisfaction in living except in ambitious hope for the offspring of her treacherous royal husband.

Her love for Jerome was transformed into hate and contempt. Jerome offered her a title as princess and a dowry of 200,000 francs, which she refused. When he learned that she had accepted a smaller pension from the emperor and rejected one from him so much larger, he requested a reason for her doing so. She replied sarcastically, "I prefer to hide under the wing of an eagle rather than hang from the neck of a goosling." Again Jerome advised her that she might have a home in Westphalia. She sent him the reply "Your kingdom may be large, but it is not large enough for two queens."

Her fame for wit and repartee was international. There were a cutting vein of sarcasm and a pithiness of humor that made her conversation interesting by its brilliant and reckless maliciousness. When she was ruthlessly shut out from the regal circles to which her husband belonged, it embittered her against the democratic breed. Nevertheless when she visited Europe she was the toast of the salons and the center of attraction in court and diplomatic circles.

She never saw her husband but once after he left her at Lisbon. Years afterward Jerome was in the gallery of the Pitti palace, in Florence, when Mme. Bonaparte was also a visitor. Jerome recognized her as she silently walked by, and he whispered to his other wife, Catherine, "That lady is my former wife." The recognition was mutual, but no words were interchanged, and they never saw each other again.

Her son developed a wonderful likeness to his famous uncle, the emperor, and she lived in the hope that the revival of the empire would restate the Napoleonic dynasty and that her son would be accorded his just position in the royal household. When the republic was overthrown in 1852 and the empire re-established, she made a desperate effort to secure the recognition of the validity of her marriage and the legitimacy of her son. Jerome entered a plea to the council of state demanding that "Jerome Patterson" should be prohibited from using the name of Bonaparte. The council decided that he was a legitimate child and entitled to the name, but did not recognize him as a member of the royal family.

Mme. Bonaparte lived to the ripe old age of 94, and her latter years were characterized by eccentricities innumerable. By parsimonious economy she accumulated a large estate, but her vitriolic temperament held at a distance many who admired her beauty, virtue and even her vaulting ambition. I stood beside her grave only a few hours after she was laid to rest, and I could not help contrasting her madly romantic mesalliance with a royal traitor with the sweet love matches that have made the happy homes of a great republic—Sunny South.

Yet She Was Popular In Her Day.
Mr. Augustine Birrell once incautiously purchased the works of Hannah More, 19 fat volumes of them, for something like \$2.25. They became a nuisance, and he was puzzled as to how to get rid of them. "As for selling them, it is not so easy to sell 19 volumes of a stone dead author, particularly if you live three miles from a railway station and do not keep a trap."

Mr. Birrell resorted to a desperate expedient: "I had to do something, and quickly, too, for sorely needed was Miss More's shelf. So I buried the 19 volumes in the back garden. 'Out of sight, out of mind,' said I cheerfully, stamping them down." He will not dig them up again. "I shall leave them where they are, buried in a cliff facing due north, with nothing between them and the pole but leagues upon leagues of a hungry ocean."—New York Tribune.

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A Fish That Could Talk.
A natural curiosity captured on the coast of Africa on May 3, 1854, by Signor Cavana and exhibited in all the great cities of Europe during the years 1850, 1851, 1852 and 1853, where it was advertised as the "talking fish," was in reality a species of the African seal, well known to naturalists on account of its wonderful powers of mimicry. This particular animal was about twelve feet in length and weighed something over 800 pounds. It had a fine, doglike head and large, beautiful black eyes, which seemed to sparkle with intelligence whenever the creature was spoken to by any one. It was very docile and when told to dance would roll over and over in its bathtub, with first tail and then head above the water, all the time chattering as though enjoying the sport as much as the spectators did. It soon learned many odd tricks and, it is claimed, learned to articulate at least three words very plainly—viz, "mamma," "papa" and "John," the last being its keeper's name. When told to pray it would clasp its flippers in the attitude of supplication and put on a sanctimonious look.

Origin of the Aztecs.
An old tradition says the Aztecs were one of seven powerful tribes that emerged from seven caverns in a region called Aztlan, or place of the heron. They wandered away from their fellows after a great confusion of tongues and settled in the region they are known to have inhabited. This tradition may be partly fabulous, but it is sure that the Aztecs settled the country before the eleventh or twelfth century. All the tribes lived in peace for a considerable time until the strong began to encroach upon the territory of the weaker. Then a fierce war for supremacy over the whole territory ensued and lasted many years. Under the leadership of their military chiefs the Aztecs obtained control of the whole territory and established a very enlightened form of government. This was consummated in 1324 or 1325.

Detecting Guilt in Liberia.
The brown skins of the natives in Liberia are often daubed with red and white clay, the effect of the latter being rather startling. This is called dressing. Sometimes a vertical blue mark is seen across the forehead. This is a sign of freedom. The Kroomen have it more than others. They are largely employed as extra hands on the steamers. When a man is suspected of murder, theft, etc., he is made to drink sassa wood. This being deadly poison, his innocence is declared by the draft not proving fatal. It is said, however, that this is only a form. When the fatal moment arrives some expedient is generally adopted, or else it is considered that only an innocent man would be willing to approach the deadly draft.

Weddings in Korea.
At a Korean marriage every one rides on horseback and in single file. First comes a manservant, who carries in both hands an imitation life sized wild goose, covered by a red scarf. Then come the bridegroom, his friends and all the servants he possesses of is able to borrow. At the bride's house the servant first deposits the goose on a bowl of rice; then all dismount, and, leaving outside their outer robes, and their hats and boots, they enter the house and make as much noise as they possibly can. The pandemonium does not cease till the guests are paid to go away. A feast follows and then the bridegroom is taken to his bride, whom he sees for the first time.

Odd Names in Delaware.
Delaware has a curious collection of odd surnames. There is a family of Colts in Kent county. The Peppers and Mustards have long lived neighbors in Sussex, and there are Peaches in Newcastle county, inauspiciously settled north of the peach belt. One man named his three sons for the several counties of the state, and Delaware is an occasional Christian name. A girl whose name was Leonora Missouri Cannon provoked from a stranger the prompt declaration that the name was sentimental, patriotic and explosive.

Real Balm of Gilead.
The real balm of Gilead is the dried juice of a low shrub. It is said, which grows in Syria. It is very valuable and scarce, for the amount of balm yielded by one shrub never exceeded sixty drops a day. According to Josephus, the balm or balsam of Gilead was one of the presents given by the queen of Sheba to King Solomon. The ancient Jewish physicians prescribed it evidently for dyspepsia and melanchoia.

Didn't Want an Elephant.
"An elephant must be a pretty expensive animal."
"Yes; I wish I had enough money to buy one."
"What do you want with an elephant?"
"I don't; I merely expressed a wish for the money."—Philadelphia Press.

Gets Nothing.
Hicks—The way Bragley talks of providing for his wife he seems to think nothing too good for her—Wicks—H'm! And the way he actually provides for her he seems to think nothing is good enough for her.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Important Moment.
Mr. Newlywed (in the kitchen)—What are you cooking there, my dear? Mrs. Newlywed (excitedly)—Don't bother me now. There's the cookery book. I'm making recipe No. 187 on page 396.

It is a miserable state of mind to have few things to desire and many things to fear, and yet that commonly is the case of kings.—Bacon.

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